

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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## THE SATYR OF MYTHOLOGY AND THE POETS.

We intended this week to present our poetry-loving Readers with a new and greatly improved edition of Mr Landor's 'Ode to a Friend,' published in one of our December Numbers last year; but as we have just received some contributions from other friends, which will harmonize with it, and expect one or two more, we delay introducing it till our next. Meanwhile, we lay before them the portrait, if not of an eminent man, of a very eminent half or four-fifths man, an old friend of the poets, particularly of the sequestered and descriptive order, and constantly alluded to in all modern as well as ancient quarters poetical. He is alive, not only in Virgil, and Theocritus, and Spenser, but in Wordsworth, in Keats, and Shelley, and in the pages of 'Blackwood' and the LONDON JOURNAL.

We keep the public in mind, from time to time, that one of the objects of the LONDON JOURNAL is to bring uneducated readers of taste and capacity acquainted with the pleasures of those who are educated; and we write articles of this description accordingly, in a spirit intended to be not unacceptable to either. Enter, therefore, the Satyr,—as in one of the Prologues to an old play. By-and-by, we shall give a Triton, a Nymph, &c. &c. and so on through all the gentle populace of fiction,—the *plebe degli dei*, as Tasso calls them,—the "common people of the gods." Such, we hope, in future times,—or worthy rather of such appellation,—will be all the people of the earth,—their poetry in common, their education in common, knowledge and its divine pleasures being as cheap as daisies in the mead.

The Satyr (not always, but generally) is a goat below the waist, and a man above, with a head in which the two beings are united. He has horns, pointed ears, and a beard; and there is just enough humanity in his face to make the look of the inferior being more observable. The expression is drawn up to the height of the salient and wilful. He is a merry brute of a demigod; and when not sleeping in the grass, is for ever in motion, dancing after his quaint fashion, and butting when he fights. He goes in herds, though he is often found straying. His haunt is in the woods, where he makes love to the Dryads and other nymphs, not always with their good will.

When he gets old, he takes to drinking, grows fat, and is called a Silenus, after the most eminent gorbely of his race; and then he becomes oracular in his drink, and disbursts the material philosophy which his way of life has taught him. He is not immortal, but has a long life as well as a merry; some say a thousand years; others, many thousand. A thousand years, according to Aristotle, is the duration both of the Satyr and the Nymph.

The Faun, though often confounded with the Satyr, and supposed by some to be nothing but a Latin version of him, is generally taken by the moderns for a Satyr mitigated and more human. Goat's feet are not necessary to him. He can be content with a tail, and two little budding horns, like a kid.

"How the Satyrs originated," quoth the "serious" but not very "sage" Natalis Comes, "or of what parents they were begotten, or where, or when they began to exist, or for what reason they were held to

be gods by antiquity, neither have I happened upon any creditable ancient who can inform me, nor can I make it out myself." He says he takes no heed of the opinion of those who suppose them to have been the children of Saturn or Faunus. Pliny, he tells us, speaks of Satyrs, as certain animals in the Indian mountains, of great swiftness, going on all fours, but with a human aspect, and running upright. Furthermore, Pausanias mentions one Euphemus of Caria, who coming upon a cluster of "desert" islands, in the extreme parts of the sea, and being forced by a tempest to alight on one of them called Satyras, found it inhabited by people of a red colour, with tails not much inferior to those of horses. These gentlemen invaded the ships of their new acquaintance, and without saying a word, began helping themselves to what they liked. Finally, Pomponius Mela speaks of certain islands beyond Mount Atlas, in which lights were seen at night, and a great sound was heard of drums, and cymbals, and pipes, though nobody was to be seen by day; and these islands were said to be inhabited by Satyrs. To which bear-eth testimony the famous Hanno the Carthaginian.\*

Boccaccio, in his treatise 'De Montibus,' appears to have transferred these islands to Mount Atlas itself; of which he says (dwelling upon the subject with his usual romantic fondness) that, "such a depth of silence is reported to prevail there by day, that none approach it without a certain horror, and a feeling of some divine presence; but at night-time, like heaven, it is lit up with many lights, and resounds with the songs and cymbals, the pipes and whistling reeds, of Ægipans and Satyrs."†

The same writer, speaking of the opinion that Satyrs were goat-footed *homunciones*, or little men, tells the story of St Anthony: "who, searching through the deserts of the Thebais for the most holy eremite Paul, did behold one of them, and question him: the which made answer, that he was mortal; and that he was one of the people, bordering thereabouts, whom the Gentiles, led away by a vain error, did worship as Fauns and Satyrs." Other authors, he says, "esteemed them to be men of the woods, and called them Incubi, or Ficarii (Fig-eaters)." We here see who had the merit of it when figs were stolen.

Chaucer takes the Satyr for an Incubus, probably from this passage of his favourite author. Speaking of the friar, whose office it was to go about blessing people's grounds and houses (which was the reason, he says, why there were no longer any fairies) he adds, in his pleasant manner,

"Women may now go safely up and down:—  
In every bush, and under every tree,  
There is none other Incubus but he."

Wife of Bath's Tale.

But the most "particular fellow" on this subject is Philostratus; who, among the wild stories which he relates with such gravity of Apollonius the Tyanæan, has this, the wildest of them all, and, in his opinion, the most weighty. As the account is amusing, we will extract nearly the whole of it:—

"After visiting," says he, "the cataracts (of the Nile), Apollonius and his companions stopped in a

\* See all these authorities in Natalis Comes. 'Mythologia,' p. 304.  
† At the end of his 'Genealogia Deorum.'

small village in Ethiopia, where, whilst they were at supper, they amused themselves with a variety of conversation, both grave and gay. On a sudden was heard a confused uproar, as if from the women of the village exhorting one another to seize and pursue. They called to the men for assistance, who immediately sallied forth, snatching up sticks and stones, with whatever other weapons they chanced to find.

\* \* \* All this hubbub arose from a Satyr having made his appearance, who for ten months past had infested the village. \* \* \* The moment Apollonius perceived his friends were alarmed at this, he said, 'Don't be terrified. \* \* \* There is but one remedy to be used in cases of such kind of insolence, and is what Midas had recourse to. He was himself of the race of the Satyrs, as appeared plainly by his ears. A Satyr once invited himself to his house, on the ground of consanguinity, and whilst he was his guest, libelled his ears in a copy of verses, which he set to music, and played on his harp. Midas, who was instructed, I think, by his mother, learnt from her, that if a Satyr was made drunk with wine, and fell asleep, he recovered his senses, and became quite a new creature. A fountain happening to be near his palace, he mixed it with wine, to which he sent the Satyr, who drank it till he was quite overcome with it. Now to show you that this is not all mere fable, let us go to the governor of the village, and if the inhabitants have any wine, let us make the Satyr drink, and I will be answerable for what happened in the case of the Satyr of Midas.' All were willing to try the experiment; and immediately four Egyptian amphoras of wine were poured into the pond, in which the cattle of the village were accustomed to drink. Apollonius invited the Satyr to drink, and added, along with the invitation, some private menaces, in case of refusal. The Satyr did not appear; nevertheless the wine sank as if it was drunk. When the pond was emptied, Apollonius said, 'Let us offer libations to the Satyr, who is now fast asleep.' After saying this, he carried the men of the village to the cave of the Nymphs, which was not more than the distance of a plethron from the hamlet, where, after showing them the Satyr asleep, he ordered them to give him no ill-usage, either by beating or abusing him: 'For,' said he, 'I will answer for his good behaviour for the time to come.'

—This is the action of Apollonius, which, by Jupiter, I consider as what gave greatest lustre to his travels, and which was, in truth, their greatest feat. Anyone who has perused the letter which he wrote to a dissipated young man, wherein he tells him he had tamed a Satyr in Ethiopia, must call to mind this story. Consequently, no doubt can now remain of the existence of Satyrs. \* \* \* When I was myself in Lemnos, I remember one of my contemporaries, whose mother, they said, was visited by a Satyr, formed according to the traditional accounts we have of that race of beings. He wore a deer-skin on his shoulders, which exactly fitted him, the fore-feet of which, encircling his neck, were fastened to his breast. But of this I shall say no more, as I am sensible credit is due to experience, as well as to me.\*

It is clear, from all these authorities, that various circumstances might have given rise to the idea of Satyrs.—The Great Ape species alone, which like

\* 'Life of Apollonius of Tyana,' translated from the Greek of Philostratus, by the Rev. Edward Berwick, p. 348.

the monkeys in Africa, might easily be supposed to be a race of men too idle to work, and holding their tongues to avoid it, would be sufficient to suggest the fancy to an imaginative people. The Satyr Islands of Pausanias are evidently islands frequented by apes, or rather baboons; unless indeed we are to believe with Monbodo, that men once had tails; which is hardly a greater distinction from some men without them, than a philosopher is from a savage. Oran Otan signifies a wild man; and Linnæus has called the Great Ape the Ape Satyr (*Simia Satyrus*.) Again, there have been real wild men; and a single one of these, such as Peter the Wild Boy, would people a country like Greece with Satyrs.

But it is not necessary to recur to palpable beings for a poetical stock. A sound, a shadow, a look of something in the dark, was enough to make them; and if this had not been found, they would still have been fancied. Satyrs, in an allegorical sense, are the animal spirits of the creation, its exuberance, its natural health and vigour, its headlong tendency to reproduction. In a superstitious and popular point of view, they were the spirits of the woods, a branch of the universal family of genii and fairies. Finally, in the great world of poetry, they partake, on both these accounts, of whatever has been said or done for them, that remains interesting to the imagination; and are still to be found there, immortal as their poets. As long as there is a mystery in the world, and men are unable to affirm what beings may not exist, so long poetry will have what existences it pleases, and the mind will have a corner in which to entertain them. Therefore, "the sage and serious Spenser" tells us wisely of

"The wood-god's breed which must for ever last."

In no part of the world of poetry were they ever more alive or lasting, than in the woods of his 'Faerie Queene.' You have, indeed, a stronger sense of them in his pages, than in the works of antiquity. The ancient poets appear to have been too close at hand with them. The familiarity, though of a religious sort, had in it something of contempt. Spenser is always remote; in the uttermost parts of poetry; and thither shall he take us to meet them. Here they are, on a bright morning, in the thick of their glades. Una is in distress, and has cried out, so that her voice is heard throughout the woods.

"A troupe of Faunes and Satyres, far away  
Within the wood, were dancing in a rownd,  
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd.

Who when they heard that piteous, strained voice,  
In haste forsooke their rural merriment,  
And ran towards the far rebounded noyse,  
To meet what wight so loudly did lament.  
Unto the place they come incontinent:  
Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,  
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rabblement,  
Whose like he never saw, he durst not hyde;  
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart,  
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had:  
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,  
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad:  
Their frowning foreheads, with rough hornes yelad  
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;  
And, gently greunning, shew a semblance glad  
To comfort her; and (fear to put away)  
Their backward-bent knees teach, her humbly to obey.

The doubtfull damzell dare not yet committ  
Her single person to their barbarous truth;  
But still twixt feare and hope amazed does sitt,  
Late leard what harme to hasty truth ensu'th:  
They in compassion of her tender youth  
And wonder of her beauteie soveraigne,  
Are wonne with pity and unwonted ruth:  
And, all prostraite upon the lowly playne,  
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance fayne.

Their harts she guesseth by their humble guise,  
And yeldes her to extremitie of time:

So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,  
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:  
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous pryme,  
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,  
Shouting, and singing all a shepherd's ryme:  
And, with greene branches strowing all the ground,  
Do worship her as queene, with olive girlond cround.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,  
That all the woods with doubled echo ring;  
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,  
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.  
So towards old Sylvanus her they bring;  
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out  
To meet the cause, his weak steps governing  
And aged limbs on eypressse staddle stout;  
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

The wood-born people fall before her flat,  
And worship her as goddess of the wood;  
And old Sylvanus self bethinkes not, what  
To think of wight so fayre: but gazing stood  
In doubt to deeme her born of earthly brood.

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,  
Her to behold doe thether runne apace;  
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades  
Flocke all about to see her lovely face."

Book I, canto 6.

Spenser has a knight among his chivalry, who was the son of a Satyr by the wife of a country-gentleman, one Therion (or Brute) by name,—a severe insinuation on the part of the gentle poet;—

"A loose unruly swayne,  
Who had more joy to raunge the forest wide  
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,  
Than serve his ladie's love."

Perhaps the poet intended a hint to the squires of his time. He tells us of another wife, who had a considerable acquaintance among the wood-gods. It is not so easy to relate her story; but she would be a charming person by the time she was thirty, and make a delicate heart content! His account of her is certainly intended as a lesson to old gentlemen.

"The gentle lady, loose at random left,  
The greenwood long did walke, and wander wide  
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wette;  
Till on a daye the Satyres her espide  
Straying alone withouten groome or guide:  
Her up they took, and with them home her ledd,  
With them as housewife ever to abide,  
To milke their goats, and make them cheese and bredd."

She forgets her old husband Malbecco, who has just arrived at the spot where she lives,—

"And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare,  
Who from her went to seek another lott,  
And now by fortune was arrived here.

Soon as the old man saw Sir Paridell,  
(who was the person that had taken his wife from him),

He fainted, and was almost dead with feare;  
Ne word he had to speake, his grieft to tell,  
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well:

And, after, asked him for Hellenore:  
'I take no keepe of her,' sayd Paridell;  
'She wonneth in the forest, there before.'  
So forth he rode as his adventure fell."

A great noise is afterwards heard in the woods, of bagpipes and "shrieking hubbubs;" the old man hides in a bush; and after a while

"The jolly Satyres full of fresh delight  
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimble ledd  
Faire Hellenore, with girlonds all bespredd,  
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:

She, proud of that new honour which they radd,  
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,  
Daunst lively, and her face did with a lawrell shade."

What a sunny picture is in this line!

"The silly man, that in the thicket lay  
Saw all this goodly sport; and grieved sore;  
Yet durst he not against it do or say,  
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,  
To see th' unkindness of his Hellenore.  
All day they daunced with great lustyhedd,  
And with their horned feet the greene grass wore;  
The wiles their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,  
Till drouping Phæbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

Tho up they gan their merry pypes to trusse,  
And all their goodly hearde did gather rownde."

The old gentleman creeps to his wife's bed-head at night, and endeavours to persuade her to go away with him; but she is deaf to all he can say; so in the passion of his misery, and supernatural strength of his very weakness, he runs away, "runs with himself away,"—till, under the most appalling circumstances, he undergoes a transformation into Jealousy itself! a poetical flight, the daringness of which can only be equalled (and vindicated, as it is) by the mastery of its execution. See the passage; which, through a half-allegory, is calculated to affect the feelings of the poetical reader, almost as much as Burley and his cavern in 'Old Mortality' do readers in general. It is at the end of Canto xi, Book 3.

Spenser has a story of 'Foolish god Faunus,' who comes on Diana when she is bathing; for which he is put into a deer-skin, and she and her nymphs hunt him through wood and dale. Fauns and Satyrs, it is to be observed, are represented as wise or foolish, according as the poet allegorizes the elements of a country life, and the reflections, or clownish impulses, of sequestered people. The Faun, in particular, who was the more oracular of the two, might be supposed either to speak from his own knowledge, or to be merely the channel of a higher one, and so to partake of that reverend character of fatuity, which is ascribed in some countries to idiots. The Satyr was more conscious and petulant: he waited more especially upon Bacchus; was loud and saucy; may easily be supposed to have been noisiest and most abusive at the time of grapes; and it is to him, we think, and him alone (whatever learned distinctions have been made between satyri and saturs, or the fruit which he got together, and him who got them), that the origin of the word Satire is to be traced; that is to say, Satire was such free and abusive speech, as the vintagers pelted people with, just as they might with the contents of their baskets.

To make Satyr, therefore, clever or clownish, or both, just as it suits the writer's purpose, is in good keeping. To make him revengeful for not having his will, is equally good, as Tasso has done in the 'Aminta.' To make him old, and scorned by a young mistress, is warrantable, as Guarini has done in the 'Pastor Fido'; and even a touch of sentiment may not be refused him, if visited by a painful sense of the difference of his shape; which is an imitation of the beautiful Polyphemic invention of Theocritus, and was introduced into modern poetry by the precursor of those poets, the inventor of the Sylvan Drama, Beccari. But we cannot say so much for another great poet of ours, Fletcher, who, spoilt by his town breeding, and thinking he could not make out a case for chastity, and the admiration of it, but by carrying it to a pitch of the improbable, introduces into his 'Faithful Shepherdess,' a Satyr thoroughly divested of his nature, the most sentimental and Platonical of lovers, and absolute guardian of what he exists only to oppose. The clipping of hedges into peacocks was nothing to this. It was like changing warmth into cold, and taking the fertility out of the earth. Elegance was another affair. The rudest things natural contain a principle of that. You may show even a Satyr in his graces, as you may a goat in a graceful attitude, or the turns and blossoms of a thorn. But to make the shaggy and impetuous wood-god, with his veins full of the sap of the vine, a polished and retiring lover, all for the metaphysics of the passion, and bowing and backing himself out of doors like a "sweet Signior," was to strike barrenness into the spring, and make the "swift and



fiery sun," which the poet so finely speaks of, halt, and become a thing deliberate. Pan, at the sight, should have cut off his universal beard. Certainly, the Satyr ought to have clipped his coat, and withdrawn into the urbanities of a suit of clothes. He should have "walked gowned."

However, there is a ruddy and rough side of the apple still left; and with this we proceed to indulge ourselves, cutting away the rest. Fletcher is a true poet, and could not speak of woods and wood-gods, without finding means to give us a proper taste of them. His Satyr comes in well.

"ENTER A SATYR WITH A BASKET OF FRUIT."

SAT. Thorough yon same bending plain,  
That flings his arms down to the main,  
And through these thick woods have I run,  
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun,  
Since the lusty spring began:  
All to please my master Pan  
Have I trotted without rest  
To get him fruit: for at a feast  
He entertains, this coming night,  
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.

Here be grapes, whose lusty blood  
Is the learned poet's good;  
Sweeter yet did never crown  
The head of Bacchus: nuts more brown  
Than the squirrel's teeth, that crack them:  
Deign, oh fairest fair, to take them.  
For these, black-eyed Dryope  
Hath oftentimes commanded me  
With my clasped knee to climb:  
See how well the lusty time  
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,  
Such as on your lips is spread.  
Here be berries for a queen;  
Some be red, some be green.

(How much better than if he had said "Some be red and some be green." He is like a great boy, poking over the basket, and pointing out the finest things in it with rustic fervour.)

These are of that luscious meat,  
The great god Pan himself doth eat:  
All these, and what the woods can yield,  
The hanging mountain or the field,  
I freely offer; and ere long  
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong:  
Till when humbly leave I take,  
Lest the great Pan do awake,  
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,  
Under a broad beech's shade.  
I must go, I must run,  
Swifter than the fiery sun."

In this passage, Mr Seward, in his edition of 'Beaumont and Fletcher,' has a note containing an extract from Theocritus, so happily rendered, that, as it suits our purpose, we will repeat it. It is seldom that a writer not professedly a poet, and an eminent one too, has struck forth so masterly a bit of translation. The verb in the last line even surpasses the original. We will put the Greek first, both in justice to it, and because (to own a whim of ours) the glimmering and thorny look of the Greek characters gives, in our eyes, something of a boskiness to one's pages. A page of a Greek pastoral is the next thing with us to a wood-side, or a landscape of Gaspar Poussin:—

Ου δέμεις, ω ποιμαν, το μεταμβρινον, ου δέμεις  
αμμιν  
Συρίσδεν' τον Πανα δεδοικαμεις' η γαρ απ' αυρας  
Ταιρια κεκρακος αμπαυεται, εντι γε πικρος,  
Και οι ανι δειμια χολα ποτι βρη καθηται'

Shepherd, forbear: no song at noon's dread hour;  
Tir'd with the chase, Pan sleeps in yonder bower:  
Churlish he is; and, stir'd in his repose,  
The snappish choler quivers on his nose."

We must quote the Satyr's concluding speech, though it is not so much in character. The poet

might have defended his straying in the air, but it must have been upon very abstract and ethereal grounds, foreign to the substantial part which he plays in this drama; and the fine allusion to Orpheus' lute is equally learned and out of its place. However, the whole passage is so beautiful, that we cannot help repeating it. Our Platonical friend is taking leave of the lady:—

"SAT. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,  
Thou most pow'ful maid, and whitest,  
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,  
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed  
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,  
What new service now is meetest  
For the Satyr? Shall I stray  
In the middle air, and stay  
The sailing rack, or nimbly take  
Hold by the moon, and gently make  
Suit to the pale queen of night  
For a beam to give thee light?  
Shall I dive into the sea,  
And bring thee coral, making way  
Through the rising waves, that fall  
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall  
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies,  
Whose woven wings the summer dyes  
Of many colours? Get thee fruit?  
Or steal from heav'n old Orpheus' lute!"

What a relic! The lute of Orpheus! and laid up in some corner of heaven! Doubtless in the thick of one of its grassiest nooks of asphodel; and the winds play upon it, of evenings, to the ear of Proserpine when she visits her mother,—giving her trembling memories to carry back to Eurydice.

#### THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY REGERTON WEBBE.

##### No III.

THE last chapter was chiefly occupied in considering the question—whether a society of people, cut off from the rest of the world, is equal to the task of framing its own language; and the course of reasoning adopted tended to the affirmative.

But a curious subject of inquiry may possibly suggest itself to the mind of the Reader in this place; which it may be worth while to notice. It is a subject that has often haunted me; flitting before me like a ghost, when I have been directing my view to some relative point; constituting a sort of side-scene in many a dreamy speculation, but never before subjecting itself in a palpable shape;—like those objects that the eye takes in at either side of its principal mark.\*

Is it possible that the might of human genius can have slumbered for five thousand five hundred years, throughout one of the principal portions of the globe? Can all this wilderness of events that makes up what we of the *vetus orbis* call "universal history," all this procession of ages lost in the clouds—this infinite fantastic moving scene of fortunes, follies, virtues, vices, loves, hopes, miseries, and death—can it all have moved away and away into the grey horizon of the past; and can there have existed all the while,—and yet no syllable of a hint escape from the lips of nature,—no gossip Naiad of the deep, breathless with the news, whisper to her wondering sisters of the shore—AMERICA? One can hardly think that the "conscious moon" could so long have traversed it familiarly—coming out of its arms every day into our presence—without confessing the secret in her face. Wonderful, mysterious, America! This is that land for which Noah had no fourth son—of which the spoilt conqueror of Darius, when he wept for worlds on the banks of the Hydaspes, little thought—which never entered into the calculations of Pliny, nor mixed in the dreams of Plato. The grand, the colossal America, with its stupendous scenery and boundless expanse, and its noble-minded

\* I fear, in the opinion of some gentle Readers, this eagle of mine will turn out to be but a fly in the telescope.

generous native tribes, that were cajoled, trampled on, put to death, for civilization's sake; slaughtered and exterminated to make room for banking houses and joint stock companies; America, with its simple-hearted, honest, good-natured Peruvians—whose history makes the blood run cold in Christian veins, and renders the name of Spaniard a sound detestable in the ears of humanity; America, land for gods and heroes—now ransacked from North to South by the greedy hands of Commerce—continent of clerks and counting-houses—filthy Mammon's peculiar kingdom!

If the continent of America (supposed now by geographers to be insular, I believe,) is coeval with the *vetus orbis*, and has been peopled from the same point of time, then they who believe in mankind's indefinite power of advancement *per se*, have certainly a difficult cause to support. It is therefore at the risk of being suspected of too unscrupulous a desire to bolster my argument, but in reality with a sincere conviction, that I venture to state the following opinion. I do not believe that the continent of America is contemporary with the rest of the land; I believe that the "New World" is new in more senses than one. It seems to me that in her peculiarly wild and disordered aspect, America gives a sort of internal evidence of having left the bosom of the deep at no distant age. Her tremendous flood of rivers, with their jagged mouths cleft into a dozen pieces, as if by the impetuous recoil of waters after the first discharge, her towering heights and deep ravines, her lakes like seas, and thousand cataracts, all seem to bespeak a recent and violent birth. I know nothing of geology or chemistry, but I think those sciences would bear me out in asserting that there is a certain tendency throughout nature to equalization and amalgamation, the effect of which must be of course a diminution of marked features—a merging of the peculiar in the general. In chemistry, especially, I know, "give and take" is a leading principle; no anti-free-trade man can prevent this species of political economy as it is practised by chemical bodies, which carry on an unceasing interchange of their parts and qualities, mingling and communicating without end, and always hastening to a mass. So in the visible aspect of nature, I conceive the same principle is at work. Fill a glass with cold water, and leave it alone for a month; at the end of that time, behold! it is half gone; who has drunk it?—ask Anacreon. Dig a furrow a foot deep; visit it a twelvemonth afterwards—it is now no more than half a foot in depth; go at the end of another twelvemonth—it is not to be found. Rear a sand-hill two feet high—imperceptibly it dwindles away, inch by inch, till you can no longer point out even the spot where it stood. What matters the scale, if the principle be true? Are not these so many mountains, lakes, and valleys in miniature? It does not seem too much then to assume, that these phenomena, subject of course to numerous conditional circumstances, are fair indications, if not available criteria, of the age of different countries. Now, judged by this standard, must not America be looked upon as new in the world,—as a sort of infant Hercules, displaying its gigantic might in the cradle of childhood? There are, no doubt, in parts of the Old World, individual specimens of features as extraordinary as those which America exhibits (some of the Himalaya mountains, for example, are said to exceed the Andes in height) but where on the surface of the globe is to be found the same pervading magnificence, the same universal scale of grandeur in all the proportions of physical nature? Where else shall we find, individually or collectively, such rivers as the St Lawrence, the Amazon, &c.—such lakes as Lake Erie, and Ontario,—or where else a chain of mountains, such as the Titans of old with all the Ossas on all the Pelions could not have matched, spanning half a hemisphere, and topped with eternal snow under an equatorial sun,—with their very base—even the cities at their feet (as in the case of Quito plains) towering above the level of the sea, equidistantly with the summits of some of the most considerable mountains of Europe? If some few instances of a greater height are known, it need not disturb our conclusions, which

hinge not so much upon a comparison of the existing appearances of different objects, as upon a comparison of the actual with the former appearance of the same object. The *Dhwalegeri* may exceed *Chimborazo*—but who can tell how much the *Dhwalegeri* may once have exceeded itself? Nay, the New World may be a wonderful world to us, but when the Old World was a New World, who can tell what may have been the glory of her strength—the beauty of her face? I think I hear her, with an indignant glance across the Atlantic—

"Si mihi quæ quondam fuerit, quæque improbus iste Exultat fidens, si nunc foret illa juventa," &c.

It is generally received that the continent of Africa, with Arabia, and the adjacent parts of western Asia, is the most ancient division of the terrestrial globe. Now this exactly describes the circle within which all those dreadful solitudes, that seem to have no counterpart in nature elsewhere, are found. These deserts—these flat, low, continents of sand, with hardly a single liquid drop in all their limits, were once, I doubt not, the site of beautiful and luxuriant countries, teeming with productions, watered with salubrious rivers, and broken into all the pleasant variety of mountains, lakes, and valleys; rivers and lakes which millions of thirsty summer suns have sucked dry; mountains which time has ground to dust; valleys that have become the graves of the mountains. And this I suppose to be the course of nature and the destination of the world, and these are the visible steps by which we are approaching a time when, in a literal sense, "every valley shall be exalted and every mountain shall be made low." So does the earth sensibly strip herself, and puts by her toys one by one, and prepares to return in original nakedness to the arms of old Chaos.

Then that curious geographical fact respecting the Caspian Sea. The Caspian Sea, it is well known, is a perfect lake, having no communication with the Ocean on any side. But it seems it has been ascertained, by barometrical observation, that this lake lies now as much as three hundred and six feet below the ocean level.\* How this is accounted for, I do not know. That it must once have been parallel with the sea (to wit, at the general deluge) can admit of no question. There seems no other way of accounting for it, than to suppose that it has been gradually either evaporating, or subsiding away into the bosom of the earth;—and if we may reasonably suppose this, we may as reasonably suppose the same of all waters whatsoever, not distinguishing rivers from lakes, nor seas from rivers, otherwise than in the time and manner of their exhaustion.

I need not carry these speculations further for the object in view. Perhaps I have carried them too far, and ought to apologise for launching so freely into a subject which I understand so slightly. If, however, there be any ray of truth in what I have thus hazarded, I could wish that some shrewd person, really qualified to handle such matters, would take up the question, and try how far it would be possible to proceed in a theory grounded on geological facts relating to the mutations of the earth. And let such person examine with a nice scrutiny all accounts in figures, respecting the heights, depths, distances and general relations of natural objects, that have come down to us in the works of the ancient geographers, and bring them into a close comparison with modern calculations, and see if he cannot bring to light some curious private charges against particular mountains, seas, &c., living or defunct. But if on the contrary I have deceived myself in this course of conjecture, I beg pardon of the better-informed; and shall hope presently to arrive at true conclusions. It is so tempting, to be sure, to frame theories, when facts are not in the way to refute us—so easy to talk of Truth behind her back,—that one is apt to take too much delight perhaps in this sort of invention; yet it may be observed, in a general way, that if the ab-

sence of facts is felt as a relief by the visionary theorist, it is no convenience to him whose conjectures may happen to be based in truth; since, where there are no facts to be thrown into the scale, it only requires the greater weight of reasonableness to induce conviction.

I have been led to dwell on this point, because I foresaw that if America was to be understood as being coeval with the *vetus orbis*, it would prove an almost insurmountable objection to an argument in favour of human sufficiency in the formation of language and the arts of civilized life. But entertaining the belief that I have endeavoured to support,—that America is a comparatively recent acquisition from the Ocean,—I consider that the condition of the natives at the discovery (and let it never be forgotten that the Peruvians were found in a state of society hardly to be called less than civilized) can afford nothing in disproof but may afford much in corroboration of these views.

#### MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL DEFICIENCIES OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

[HAD the worthy gentleman who wrote to us in deprecation of too familiar a use of the name of "Tomkins," foreseen that it would have graced the title-page of a man of wit and observation, who has just given the public some curious intelligence respecting the upper circles, he would have waited in contentment for that best possible assertion of its dignity. The following remarks are taken from a pamphlet just published, intitled 'Thoughts upon the Aristocracy of England, by Isaac Tomkins, Gent.' We do not conceive ourselves to be trenching upon politics in extracting them. In fact, we have studiously omitted the political remarks that both precede and follow them; but we cannot omit passages in books every way interesting to us all, and to the purposes of knowledge, merely because they more immediately concern a class who have the misfortune to be better known as influencers of politics, than dispensers and perfecters of the elegancies they possess. We quoted Mr Simpson's remarks on the imperfections of their education, and we now quote this very curious and pungent testimony in evidence of his truth.]

THE picture we are about to contemplate is not pleasing; it is, however, like: it has many features peculiar to the past state of things; it has some which would remain, and be as revolting as they now are, even if all artificial distinctions of rank were swept away, as long as the accumulation of property is permitted—and with that no man of sense would wish to interfere. The progress of knowledge will be the best softener of those harsher features; and when the basis of the present distinctions is gone, that remedy will prove effectual—not till then.

The question is this. A substantial farmer or a reputable shopkeeper, intending to let two or three of his sons continue in his own business, has the spirit and the means to give one of them, who shows good abilities, a better education, that he may be a parson or a lawyer. The lad goes to Oxford, and he there meets the younger son of the squire or the nobleman, about his own age.—Now which of the two finds it easiest to get on in the world? Which is soonest received into the company of men of influence in the college? Which makes his way best to notice, wherever it is of importance to him that he should obtain notice? Which has, first at college, and afterwards in town, most favour bestowed on his efforts? Which rises the fastest and mounts the highest, supposing their abilities and understanding equal? Does it not require that the obscure man should be a first-rate genius to climb the heights of his career, be that civil or military, ecclesiastical or political? In England these questions can be answered in one only way.

But suppose we come away from matters of sub-

stantial interest, and say a word of society merely. The one of the two youths whom we are supposing to be started together in life, is born to admittance everywhere, and to the unsolicited enjoyment of the most refined society; the other may arrive at the same favour after he has made himself famous by his talents, or powerful by his success, when the silly creatures who preside over such intercourse would feel themselves neglected if he were not found among their attendants. As for the daughter of the tradesman or the yeoman, no fancy can help us to picture her in those haunts of fashion, be she as fair as Venus, as chaste as Diana, as wise as Minerva, unless she has been able to repair the ruined fortunes of some noble rake by the legacy of an uncle in the East Indies. For the brother, parliamentary eloquence, (not learning or solid wisdom,) party devotion, or professional success, may cast a plank across the gulph which separates the circles of high and middling society. For the sister there is but one bridge, and it must be made of solid and massive gold. Passing across it, she will be admitted to the enjoyment of having her relations sneered at, and, if her ears are very acute, herself nicknamed among those whom she saves from want of bread; she will listen to the horrors of vulgar life, the atrocities of under-breeding, the hatefulness of honest industry, the misfortune of humble birth, until she dares not look about her or behind her, but is haunted by the recollection of her origin as if it had been a crime, and is brought to be more ashamed of her humble and virtuous family than if they had borne her in the hulks or bred her on the tread-mill.

"But surely," the country or the city reader will exclaim, "there must be something extremely captivating in this fine society, which makes it so much run after, and gives it so much sway, not only over the fashion, but even over the policy of the country!" For that it does exercise such influence we cannot deny. Statesmen pass much of their time in it; they discuss their measures of a party nature before the empty women and the frivolous youths who compose it. They are not a little moved by the opinion which has dominion in these select circles; they are prevented from making useful appointments of men unknown to these arbiters and arbitresses of fashion—and therefore despised by them—but who would be still more despised if they were known, because they are men of learning and sound sense. The same statesmen are also kept from taking an interest in many good works—as in humane and philanthropic pursuits—and in supporting wise measures of improvement founded upon profound views of human nature and of man's wants, by the same tone of ridicule with which, within these sacred precincts, all mention of such things is sure to be greeted. Lastly, as those circles are drawn round the very focus of all hatred and contempt for the people, they are the very hotbeds of Toryism and intolerance; nothing being more certain than that the Women of Fashion and all the young Aristocrats (perhaps more or less of all parties) hate Reform,—desire more or less openly to have a strong, arbitrary, Tory government, and would fain see the day dawn upon military power established on the ruins of the national representation.

"What, then," our honest yeoman's son, our worthy tradesman's daughter, may properly ask, "what is it that gives the Aristocratic circles all this extraordinary influence? and first of all, why is the admission into Aristocratic society so very highly prized, that we of the middle classes are ready to leave father or mother, and brother and sister, and cleave unto them, if we can only, at the cost of such sacrifices, obtain admission within their pale?"

First, it must be admitted that there is a very great, a very real charm, in those circles of society. The elegance of manners which there prevails is perfect; the taste which reigns over all is complete; the tone of conversation is highly agreeable—infinately below that of France indeed—but still most fascinating. There is a lightness, an ease, a gaiety, which to those who have no important object in view, and who deem it the highest privilege of

\* "This fact," says the only account which I have seen of this, "is so singular, that it is necessary to give the authority on which the determination is founded. It is deduced from nine years' observations with the barometer at Astrakhan, by Mr Leclerc, compared with a series of observations made with the same barometer at Petersburg."



existence, and the utmost effort of genius, to pass the hours agreeably, must be all that is most attractive.

After this ample admission, let us add, that whoever, after passing an evening in this society, shall attempt to recollect the substance of the conversation, will find himself engaged in a hopeless task. It would be easier to record the changes of colour in a pigeon's neck, or the series of sounds made by an Æolian harp, or the forms and hues of an *Aurora Borealis*. All is pleasing; all pretty; all serviceable in passing the time; but all unsubstantial. If man had nothing to do here below but to spend without pain or uneasiness the hours not devoted to sleep, certainly there would be no reason to complain of these *coterie*s. But if he is accountable for his time, then surely he has no right to pass it thus. Compared with this, chess becomes a science; drafts and backgammon are highly respectable. Compared with this, dancing, which is exercise, and even games of romps are rational modes of passing the hours. Compared with this, it is worthy of a rational being to read the most frivolous romance that was ever penned, or gaze upon the poorest mime that ever strutted on the stage.

The want of sense and reason which prevails in these circles is wholly inconceivable. An ignorance of all that the more refined of the middle, or even of the lower classes, well know, is accompanied by an insulting contempt for any one who does not know any of the silly and worthless trifles which form the staple of their only knowledge. An intire incapacity of reasoning is twin sister to a ready and flippant and authoritative denial of all that reason has taught others. An utter impossibility of understanding what men of learning and experience have become familiar with, stalks hand in hand, insolent and exulting, with a stupid denial of truths which are all but self-evident, and are of extreme importance. Every female member of this exquisite class is under the exclusive dominion of some waiting-maid, or silly young lover, or slander-mongering newspaper; and if not under the sway of one paper, lives in bodily fear of two or three. Bribes, entreaties, threats, are by turns employed to disarm these tyrants; and however tormented the wretched victim may be, she is forced by some strange fatality, or propensity, to read what most tortures her.

Indeed, the relations of this Aristocratic class with the press, form one of the features most illustrative of the Aristocratic character, replete as it is with all the caprice and waywardness, the unreasoning and often unfeeling propensities, the alternate fits of blindness to all danger, and alarm where all is safe; in short, all that goes to the composition of a child, and a spoiled child.

Of the press, then, they live in habitual dread; but it is a fear, which being altogether void of wisdom, produces good neither to its victims nor its objects. Frightened to death at any unfavourable allusion to themselves or their ways, they support with the most stoical indifference all attacks upon their professed principles, all opposition to the policy they fancy they approve. Furious to the pitch of Bethlehem or St Luke's, if they themselves be but touched or threatened, nothing can be more exemplary than the fortitude with which they sustain the rudest shocks that can be given to the reputation of their dearest and nearest connexions. Nay, they bear without flinching, with the patience of anchorites, and the courage of martyrs, (but that the pain is vicarious,) the most exquisite and long-continued tortures to which the feelings of their friends and relations can be subjected. This is no exaggeration; for it is below, very much below the truth. They delight in the slander of that press, the terrors of which daily haunt them, and nightly break their slumbers. Nothing is to them a greater enjoyment than to read all that can be said against their friends. They know, to be sure, that all is false; but, judging by themselves, they know that all of it gives pain. The public, they are quite aware, believe little of it; for of late

years the press has taken pretty good care to make its attacks very harmless in that respect; but then they feel that those friends who are the objects of the abuse are probably as sensitive as themselves. Thus, the class we are speaking of form in reality the slander-market of the day; and yet, with a miraculous inconsistency, they are in one everlasting chorus against "the license of the press," which, but for them, would have no being; but for their follies, no object; but for their malice, no support; but for their spiteful credulity, no dupes to work upon; but for their existence, no chance of continuing its own. They, indeed, turn upon their own instruments—make war upon the tools they work with—the very limbs they sustain and move! It is the rebellion of the members reversed; for here we have the overgrown belly attacking the limbs! Had the Aristocrats the power and the industry, they would indict their book 'A Good Name worthless,' or 'The Crimes of the Press,' but we should then expect to see 'Sermons on the Sixth Commandment, by a Receiver of Stolen Goods.'

That their encouragement is confined to the vilest portion of the press, has long ago been affirmed, and is not denied. The respectable journals are no favourite reading of theirs. The newspaper that fearlessly defends the right; that refuses to pander for the headlong passions of the multitude, or eater for the vicious appetites of the selecter circles; that does its duty alike regardless of the hustings and the *boudoir*; has little chance of lying on the satin-wood table, of being blotted with ungrammatical ill-spelt notes, half bad English, half worse French, or of being fondled by fingers that have just broken a gold-wax seal on a grass-green paper. But more especially will it be excluded, possibly extruded, from those sacred haunts of the Corinthian order, if it convey any solid instruction upon a useful or important subject, interesting to the species which the writers adorn, and the patricians do their best to degrade. Even wit the most refined finds no echo in such minds; and if it be used in illustrating an argument or in pressing home the demonstration (which it often may be), the author is charged with treating a serious subject lightly, and of jesting where he should reason. Broad humour, descending to farce, is the utmost reach of their capacity; and that is of no value in their eyes unless it raises a laugh at a friend's expense. Some who have lived at Court, and are capable of better things, say they carefully eschew all jests; for Princes take such things as a personal affront—as raising the joker to their own level, by calling on them to laugh with him. One kind of jest, indeed, never fails to find favour in those high latitudes—where the author is himself the subject of the merriment. Buffoonery is a denizen in all courts, but most commonly indigenous; and, after the court's example patrician society is fashioned. It is not in the true Aristocratic circles that anyone will adventure the most harmless jest who would not pass for a Jacobin or a free-thinker. He may make merry with the led-captain, or the humble companion, or possibly the chaplain (though that was rather in the olden time, before the French Revolution had taught the upper orders to pay the homage rendered by vice to virtue,\* without acquiring piety or morals). Any other kind of wit rather indicates, if tolerated, that the adventurous individual has found his way thither from the lower latitudes of the liberal party.

\* *Hypocrisy*—thus described by a French writer, wit, and nobleman—indeed a duke; for in France, where, even under the absolute monarchy, the claims of letters and talents were always admitted, the nobility cultivated wit and learning, and were a race infinitely superior to our own, in proportion as literary men were admitted into their society on a footing of equality.

#### OLD TIMES AND NEW.

Read the supplement to 'Sully's Memoirs.' Sully, such is the total change of manners, appears to have kept up more state in private life, after his retirement, than a crowned head does at present in the plenitude of power. Yet I question whether Henry IV himself enjoyed half the personal accommodation and real luxury of a respectable London merchant of this day.—*Diary of a Lover of Literature.*

#### THE WEEK.

##### PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

###### WOLFF, THE GERMAN SCHOLAR.

WOLFF was of middle stature; his demeanour natural, yet dignified; his forehead broad and lofty, his eyes blue, deep set, and penetrating; the mouth gracefully formed; but with a slightly sarcastic expression; the general expression of his countenance was that of power, tempered with mildness. His gait and movements partook of the vivacity of his mind; his temper was quick and sensitive; he was easily offended, but as easily reconciled. He never brooded over vexations and disappointments, but expressed his feelings strongly, once for all, and forgot them. So open was his mind to the influence of the pathetic, that, like our Richard Bentley, he could not peruse a tender passage in his favourite poets without tears.

In his conversation there was a singular charm,—wisdom was so set off by wit, and profound learning poured forth with so little pedantry; anecdotes and characteristic sketches of the many eminent men, with whom his long literary career had brought him in contact, succeeded each other so amusingly, and with so little appearance of egotism, that it had equal attractions for the learned and unlearned. With none was Wolff a greater favourite in society than with the ladies, with whom he could intirely abandon the dictatorial and Johnsonian style into which, in argument with the other sex, he was not unfrequently betrayed. Of irony, he had a wonderful command, and when provoked by any appearance of pretension or affectation, he used it unsparingly. He had less of the intellectual gladiator about him, however, than the Doctor; he did not throw down the gauntlet to all comers, though, when once embarked in debate, their conversation had many features in common.

His household arrangements, with a great pretension to order, seem to have been confusion worse confounded. Knowing the peculiarity of his own habits and dispositions, he entertained a great dislike to "clever servants;" his object always was to secure some quiet, good-natured creature, who would be as much as possible an automaton in his hands, and live, move, and have his being exactly as the professor choose to direct.

Wolff had the greatest aversion to being kept waiting, and had never, probably, kept a coachman waiting five minutes, in his life. He exacted the same punctuality from his unfortunate servant: in the morning he would give him a list of twenty messages to be performed, for each of which a quarter of an hour, or half an hour was allowed, as the case might be; and if, as was occasionally unavoidable, his servant exceeded the time allowed, the professor would pour such a storm about his ears, that with all his liberality he had enough to do to retain a servant in his house.

Of taste, either in matters of dress or ornament, he had not a vestige. He was fond of fine clothes, but never could contrive to dress decently; the furniture of his house was gaudy, but selected without the least regard to propriety, and huddled together as in an upholsterer's ware-room.

Like many other literary men, he was a most irregular correspondent; letters from his correspondents would be occasionally left unanswered for years: his own, when he did write any, are generally distinguished by wit, and a careless felicity of expression.

As a teacher, we have already said, he was active and conscientious in the highest degree; and few seem to have so thoroughly possessed the art of conciliating affection united with respect. He had the satisfaction of witnessing in his lifetime the most gratifying results of these exertions, in the progress and high character of many who had derived their instruction from him, and drawn their inspiration from his example. "I enjoy," he writes in a blank leaf of his journal, on one of his last birth-days, "a good fortune, which falls to the lot of few, that of seeing, while alive, the promise of a plentiful harvest from the seed I had sown with toil, and of calculating, in some measure, its increase when I am no more."

## ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LIV.—A TALE OF OLD ITALIAN REVENGE.

[THIS is from our old friend 'Camerarius' (see Nos. 26—29); and is full of frightful truth. We behold the horrible human relics (taken for bats!) blackening on the city gate. There are no such sights now in Italy, thanks to [the progress of knowledge and Christian feeling; and we shall not be too hasty to triumph over "Italian" stories of revenge, when we call to mind, that spectacles not very dissimilar (more horrible in one respect, because they had faces) were to be seen, not a great many years ago, over Temple Bar and one of the bridges. And even against stories of modern Italian assassination may be set off too many appalling things in our daily newspapers. But then more of them transpire now than they used to do, owing to those channels of publicity. We are all getting on, thank God, generally speaking, in knowledge and humanity, the whole civilized world,—ay, and the uncivilized; and we should desire and love to get on, all together,—nobody lording it or valuing himself over another. English, Italians, French, &c." will, we verily believe, before many years are past, be like all one great intelligent family, acknowledging the same guidance of public opinion, and interchanging all the blessings of advancement.]

ONE day (says our honest and earnest old scholar) as I went from Rome with my companie, and past through the Marquisal of Ancona, wee were to go through a citie called Terni, seated in a very pleasant and fruitfull valley, betweene the armes of a riuier called the Mar. As wee entered into the citie, wee saw ouer the gate a certaine tablet upon a high tower, to which were tied (as it seemed to vs at first), a great many Bats or Reere-mise. Wee thinking it a strange sight, and not knowing what it meant, being set vp in so eminent a place, one of the citie whom we asked, told us of a certaine thing that had hapned some years before. There were (quoth he) in this citie, two noble, rich, and mightie houses, which for a very long time carried on an irreconcilable hatred the one against the other, in so much as the malice passed from the father to the son, as it were by inheritance; by occasion whereof many of both houses were slain and murdered. At last, the one house not able to stay the fire of their violent wrath, resolved to stand about murdering no more of the aduerse by surprise and treason, but to run upon them all at once, and not to leaue one bodie thereof aliuie. They of this bloodie familie gathered together out of the countrie adioyning (vnder some other pretence) many of their seruants which met in the citie, whereof they ioyned them to their Bravos (which are swaggerers, assassins, and hacksters, such as many Italians that haue quarrels, keep in pay, to employ them in the execution of their reuenges) and secretly armed them enioyning them to be always readie to do some notable exploit whensoever they should be called upon. Soon after taking hold of occasion, they march about midnight with their people to the Gouvernour's house, who mistrusted nothing, seare of his person, being a man of authoritie and power, and (leauing guards in the same house until they should haue executed their purpose) goe on silent towards the house of their enemies, and disposing their troops at euery street end, about ten of them goe on to the same house (the Gouvernour being between them) as if they had been the archers of his guard, whom they compelled to command that speedy ouening might be made him, as if he had some seruice of importance to dispatch within their house: and withal they held a poinyard at his throat, threatening to kill him if they said not that which they had put into his mouth. He amazed at the death which he saw present before his eyes, caused all the doors to be opened, a thing which they within made no refusall of, seeing the Gouvernour there: which being done, those ten call their complices, not farre off, put the Gouvernour into safe keeping, enter into the house, and

there most cruelly murder man, woman, and child, nay, they spare not so much as the horses in the stable. That done, they make the Gouvernour set open the city gates, and so depart, and disperse themselves into diuers secret places, here and there, among their friends. The wisest of them fled to the next sea-ports, and got them away far off: but as for those that kept anything neere, they were so diligently searcht for, that they were found and drawn out of their holes by the justices, greatly mooued (as good cause there was) with such a horrible massacre: so these wicked offenders were put to death with the most greiuous punishments, and after, their hands and their feet being cut off, were nailed to the tablet which [you saw (quoth he) as ye entered the gate, on the top of the tower, set up for a show to terrifie the cruel, and to serue for a lesson to posteritie: the sun having broiled those limbs so fastened and set up, maketh travellers to think (that know nothing of this horrible tragedie) that they be Reere-mise. Wee hauing heard this pitiful discourse, with detestation of such a furious and cruel desire of reenge, kept on our way."

## CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XIII.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

'ROMEO AND JULIET' is the only tragedy which Shakspeare has written intirely on a love-story. It is supposed to have been his first play, and it deserves to stand in that proud rank. There is the buoyant spirit of youth in every line, in the rapturous intoxication of hope, and in the bitterness of despair. It has been said of 'Romeo and Juliet,' by a great critic, that "whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem." The description is true; and yet it does not answer to our idea of the play. For if it has the sweetness of the rose, it has its freshness too; if it has the languor of the nightingale's song, it has also its giddy transport; if it has the softness of a southern spring, it is as glowing and as bright. There is nothing of a sickly and sentimental cast. Romeo and Juliet are in love, but they are not love-sick. Everything speaks the very soul of pleasure, the high and healthy pulse of the passions: the heart beats, the blood circulates and mantles throughout. Their courtship is not an insipid interchange of sentiments lip-deep, learnt at second-hand from poems and plays,—made up of beauties of the most shadowy kind, of "fancies wan that hang the pensive head," of evanescent smiles and sighs that breathe not, of delicacy that shrinks from the touch, and feebleness that scarce supports itself, an elaborate vacuity of thought, and an artificial dearth of sense, spirit, truth and nature! It is the reverse of all this. It is Shakspeare all over, and Shakspeare when he was young.

We have heard it objected to 'Romeo and Juliet,' that it is founded on an idle passion between a boy and a girl, who have scarcely seen and can have but little sympathy or rational esteem for one another, who have had no experience of the good or ills of life, and whose raptures or despair must be therefore equally groundless and fantastical. Whoever objects to the youth of the parties in this play as "too unripe and crude" to pluck the sweets of love, and wishes to see a first-love carried on into a good old age, and the passions taken at the rebound, when their force is spent, may find all this done in the 'Stranger,' and in other German plays, where they do things by contraries, and transpose nature to inspire sentiment and create philosophy. Shakspeare proceeded in a more straight-forward, and, we think, effectual way. He did not endeavour to extract beauty from wrinkles, or the wild throb of passion from the last expiring sigh of indifference. He did not "gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles." It was not his way. But he has given a picture of human life, such as it is in the order of nature. He

has founded the passion of the two lovers not on the pleasures they had experienced, but on all the pleasures they had not experienced. All that was to come of life was theirs. At that untried source of promised happiness they slaked their thirst, and the first eager draught made them drunk with love and joy. They were in full possession of their senses and their affections. Their hopes were of air, their desires of fire. Youth is the season of love, because the heart is then first melted in tenderness from the touch of novelty, and kindled to rapture, for it knows no end of its enjoyments or its wishes. Desire has no limit but itself. Passion, the love and expectation of pleasure, is infinite, extravagant, inexhaustible, till experience comes to kill and check it. Juliet exclaims on her first interview with Romeo—

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep."

And why should it not? What was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure, which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience which she was yet without? What was to abate the transport of the first sweet sense of pleasure, which her heart and her senses had just tasted, but indifference which she was yet a stranger to? What was there to check the ardour of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment which she had not yet felt? As are the desires and the hopes of youthful passion, such is the keenness of its disappointments, and their baleful effect. Such is the transition in this play from the highest bliss to the lowest despair, from the nuptial couch to an untimely grave. The only evil that even in apprehension befalls the two lovers is the loss of the greatest possible felicity; yet this loss is fatal to both, for they had rather part with life than bear the thought of surviving all that had made life dear to them. In all this, Shakspeare has but followed nature, which existed in his time, as well as now. The modern philosophy, which reduces the whole theory of the mind to habitual impressions, and leaves the natural impulses of passion and imagination out of the account, had not then been discovered; or if it had, would have been little calculated for the uses of poetry.

It is the inadequacy of the same false system of philosophy to account for the strength of our earliest attachments, which has led Mr Wordsworth to indulge in the mystical visions of Platonism in his 'Ode on the Progress of Life.' He has very admirably described the vividness of our impressions in youth and childhood, and how "they fade by degrees into the light of common day," and he ascribes the change to the supposition of a pre-existent state, as if our early thoughts were nearer heaven, reflections of former trails of glory, shadows of our past being. This is idle. It is not from the knowledge of the past that the first impressions of things derive their gloss and splendour, but from our ignorance of the future, which fills the void to come with the warmth of our desires, with our gayest hopes, and brightest fancies. It is the obscurity spread before it that colours the prospect of life with hope, as it is the cloud which reflects the rainbow. There is no occasion to resort to any mystical union and transmission of feeling through different states of being to account for the romantic enthusiasm of youth; nor to plant the root of hope in the grave, nor to derive it from the skies. Its root is in the heart of man: it lifts its head above the stars. Desire and imagination are inmates of the human breast. The heaven "that lies about us in our infancy" is only a new world, of which we know nothing but what we wish it to be, and believe all that we wish. In youth and boyhood, the world we live in is the world of desire, and of fancy: it is experience that brings us down to the world of reality. What is it that in youth sheds a dewy light round the evening star? That makes the daisy look so bright? That perfumes the hyacinth? That embalms the first kiss of love? It is the delight of novelty, and the seeing no end to the pleasure that we fondly believe is still in store for us. The heart revels in the luxury of its own thoughts,



and is unable to sustain the weight of hope and love that presses upon it.—The effects of the passion of love alone might have dissipated Mr Wordsworth's theory, if he means anything more by it than an ingenious and poetical allegory. That at least is not a link in the chain let down from other worlds; "the purple light of love" is not a dim reflection of the smiles of celestial bliss. It does not appear till the middle of life, and then seems like "another morn risen on mid-day." In this respect the soul comes into the world "in utter nakedness." Love waits for the ripening of the youthful blood. The sense of pleasure precedes the love of pleasure, but with the sense of pleasure, as soon as it is felt, come thronging infinite desires and hopes of pleasure, and love is mature as soon as born. It withers and it dies almost as soon!

This play presents a beautiful *coup-d'œil* of the progress of human life. In thought it occupies years, and embraces the circle of the affections from childhood to old age. Juliet has become a great girl, a young woman since we first remember her a little thing in the idle prattle of the nurse. Lady Capulet was about her age when she became a mother, and old Capulet somewhat impatiently tells his younger visitors,—

"I've seen the day,

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone."

Thus one period of life makes way for the following, and one generation pushes another off the stage. One of the most striking passages to show the intense feeling of youth in this play is Capulet's invitation to Paris to visit his entertainment.

"At my poor house, look to behold this night

Earth-treading stars that make dark heav'n light;

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

When well-appareld April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such delight

Among fresh female-buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house."

The feelings of youth and of the spring are here blended together like the breath of opening flowers. Images of vernal beauty appear to have floated before the author's mind, in writing this poem, in profusion. Here is another of exquisite beauty, brought in more by accident than by necessity. Montague declares of his son's suit with a hopeless passion, which he will not reveal—

"But he, his own affection's counsellor,

Is to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun."

This casual description is as full of passionate beauty as when Romeo dwells in frantic fondness on "the white wonder of his Juliet's hand." The Reader may, if he pleases, contrast the exquisite pastoral simplicity of the above lines with the gorgeous description of Juliet when Romeo first sees her at her father's house, surrounded by company and artificial splendour.

"What lady's that which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear."

#### TRUE IDEA OF POETRY.

Poetry were it the rudest, so it be sincere, is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious, the utmost he can do for that end; it springs, therefore, from his whole feelings, opinions, activity, and takes its character from these. It may be called the music of his whole manner of being; and, historically considered, is the best test how far music or freedom existed therein; how far the feeling of love, of beauty, and dignity, could be elicited from that peculiar situation of his, and from the views he there had of life and nature, of the universe internal and external.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

#### PORTRAITS FROM LIFE, BY GOETHE.

LET me pay due homage to several respectable individuals to whom I was under great obligations. I will begin with M. Oelenschlager, of the family of Frauenstein, a senator, and son-in-law to Dr Orth, whom I have already mentioned. This gentleman, in his grand costume of burgomaster, might have passed for one of the principal French prelates. Business and travel had made him a remarkable character. He showed some esteem for me, and willingly conversed with me on the subjects which interested him. I was privy to the composition of his explanation of the Golden Bull. He had the goodness to make me sensible of the object and importance of this celebrated document. I had so familiarized myself with the rude and troubled times which had provoked it, that I could not refrain from representing the character and facts with which my friend entertained me, by imitating the tone and gestures of these men of other times, as if we had had them before our eyes. This pantomime afforded him great amusement, and he was fond of making me repeat it.

I had from infancy accustomed myself to the singular habit of learning by heart the tables of contents prefixed to the chapters and commencements of the books I read. I had adopted this method with the 'Pentateuch,' the 'Æneid,' and the 'Metamorphoses.' I continued it with the 'Golden Bull'; and my good friend Oelenschlager laughed heartily, when I unexpectedly called out in a very grave tone—"Omne regnum in se divisum desolabitur: nam principes ejus facti sunt socii furum!"—"Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation; for the princes thereof are become the associates of robbers." The worthy Oelenschlager, shaking his head, said, in a significant manner—"What sort of times, then, were those in which the emperor thundered such expressions in the ears of the princes of the empire in a solemn diet?"

He saw little company, although his manners were highly agreeable, and he took great pleasure in lively conversation. He would now and then get us to perform a dramatic piece. This was considered an useful exercise for youth. We played Schlegel's 'Canute,' and afterwards ventured on 'Britannicus,' both to perfect ourselves in the French language and to practise declamation. I played Nero, and my sister Agrippina. We were applauded far beyond our deserts; but we thought we received less praise than we merited.

I used also to visit Mr Reineck, a gentleman of a very ancient noble family. He was a thin man, of a brown complexion; of the most upright character, and firm to a degree that often amounted to obstinacy. Never did I see him laugh. He had suffered a severe affliction, his daughter having eloped with a friend of the family. He commenced a prosecution against his son-in-law, which he continued with great animosity; but the tardy formalities of the tribunals affording him no hopes of a speedy vengeance, or one agreeable to his wishes, he attacked his son-in-law personally, which measure produced action after action. From that time he kept himself shut up in his house and garden. He inhabited a spacious but dismal ground-floor, which for many years had neither been painted nor, perhaps, cleaned. He seemed to place some confidence in me, and recommended his youngest son to my attention. His oldest friends, who knew how to accommodate themselves to his situation, his agents, and his counsellor, often dined with him. He never failed to invite me to these entertainments. The dinners were good; the wine still better; but a dilapidated stove, which emitted smoke on every side through its crevices, annoyed the guests excessively. One of Mr Reineck's best friends ventured one day to mention it to him, asking him how he could endure so great an inconvenience all the winter. "Would to God," replied he, "that that were the greatest inconvenience that I have to put up with." It was long before he could be prevailed upon to see

his daughter and grandson. His son-in-law never durst appear before him.

My company had a favourable effect on this worthy and unfortunate man. When in conversation he imparted to me his information respecting the world and political affairs, he seemed to forget his troubles. The few friends who used to meet at his house employed me when they wished to divert his mind from his sorrows. We prevailed on him to take a walk with us occasionally. He seemed to take pleasure in viewing once more the fields which he had not entered for many years. He talked to us about the old proprietors of them, his neighbours, related their histories, and described their characters. His judgments were always severe, but there was much wit and pleasantry in his narratives. We made some attempts to induce him to return to the society of men, but were always unsuccessful.

Another person, nearly of the same age, whom I often saw at this period, was a Mr Malapart, a wealthy man, who possessed a very handsome house in the horse market, and derived a good revenue from his salt-works. He also lived in seclusion, passing the summer at his garden, near the Boekenheim gate, where he cultivated very fine tulips.

Mr Reineck was also an amateur. Flowers were now in season. We formed a plan for bringing them together, and, after having gradually paved the way for the interview, we one day took Mr Reineck to Mr Malapart's garden. The two old gentlemen bowed to each other, and the company walked up and down, between the beds of tulips, with true diplomatic gravity. The flowers were really superb: their various forms and colours, the superiority of some to others, and the rarity of several sorts, furnished matter for the conversation, which took a very friendly turn. This gave us the more pleasure, as we perceived, in an adjacent harbour, several flag-gons of old Rhenish wine set out on a table. Unfortunately, Mr Reineck observed a very fine tulip, the head of which hung down a little; he took hold of the stalk very carefully and raised the flower, in order to examine it more minutely. But, gently as he touched it, the owner was displeased. Mr Malapart, politely, but with a determined air, and as if congratulating himself on his habitual reserve, reminded him of *oculis, non manibus*. ("Eyes, not hands.") Reineck had already let go the flower. At these words the colour came into his cheeks, and he replied, in his usual dry, grave, tone, that amateurs and connoisseurs might freely examine any flower, with proper precautions, and upon this he again took hold of the flower. The mutual friends were embarrassed. They started several subjects of conversation, but unsuccessfully. The two old gentlemen appeared to be struck mute. We dreaded every moment that Reineck would touch the flowers again. To prevent his doing so, we took them each apart, and soon put an end to the visit, thus turning our backs on the well-furnished table which we had viewed with longing eyes, but had not been able to approach.

The privy councillor, Huisgen, was another of the friends I used to visit. He was not a Frankfort man, and he professed the reformed religion; two obstacles which hindered him from holding any public employment, and even from exercising the functions of an advocate. He, nevertheless, practised under the signature of another person, at Frankfort, and in the courts of the empire; his reputation as an excellent lawyer procured him many clients. He was then sixty years of age. I used to go to his house to take lessons in writing with his son. Mr Huisgen had a very long face, although he was not thin. Disfigured by the small-pox and the loss of an eye, he appeared frightful at the first glance. His bald head was surmounted by a white cap, tied at the top with a ribbon; he always wore very handsome damask or calamanco robes de chambre. He inhabited a small apartment on the ground floor, the neatness of which was as perfect as the serenity of his temper. It was a treat to see the perfect order of his papers, his books, and his geographical maps. It was not long before I discovered that he was at

variance, not only with the world, but with heaven also. His favourite book was Agrippa's work, 'De Vanitate Scientiarum.' He advised me to read it. This book unsettled my ideas for some time. In the peaceful happiness of youth, I was inclined to a kind of optimism. I had reconciled myself to heaven, or rather to the divinity. The experience I had already gained had taught me that good and evil are often balanced. I had seen that it was possible to avoid misfortune, and escape the greatest danger. I looked with indulgence on the actions and passions of men; and what my aged Mentor observed with disapprobation, often appeared to me to merit the highest encomiums. One day, when I had launched forth in praise of the divine perfections, he bent the brow of the eye he had lost, gave me a piercing look with the other, and said, in a nasal tone, "Do you know that I see defects even in the Deity." I never met any person at his residence, and, during ten years, I do not think I ever saw him go out but once.

My conversations with these remarkable men were not fruitless. Each of them influenced me according to his peculiar manners. I listened to them with more attention than is commonly paid by children. Each of them endeavoured to bend me to his views, as a dear son, and to revive his own moral physiognomy in me. Oelenschlager wanted to make a courtier of me; Reineck, a diplomatist; both, and the latter particularly, endeavoured to persuade me from poetry and my passion for writing. Huisgen endeavoured to convert me into a misanthrope, like himself, and at the same time persuading me to endeavour to become an able lawyer. According to him, jurisprudence was a science which it was necessary to acquire, in order to be able to make use of the laws as a protection against the injustice of mankind, and in defence of the oppressed.—*Life of Goethe.*

## FINE ARTS.

*British Institution.*

[Concluding Notice.]

ONE of the most striking pictures in the rooms is by an artist whose name, (J. R. Herbert,) is new to us, and therefore we suppose him to be young; we mean, 'The appointed hour, a subject from a Venetian MS.' (418). A young girl, summoned by her lover's lute, is descending the steps of a palace; at their foot is the young man, finely formed, gaily dressed, just now so gallant and so living, now thrown down, emptied of his ruddy life by an assassin, who is making off in the distance. The happy, affectionate face of the girl, (which, by the way, is an English one) who has known no doubt of happiness, is in awful contrast to the early coming experience of our most dreaded evil in its most dreaded shape. Calcott deals much in figures this time; his 'Girl dressed for the Vintage' is very pretty; 'Falstaff' is excellent; but the best is 'Dutch Peasants coming to meet the return of the Fishing Boats.' The grey horse, but for a degree of coldness in the colour, might be taken for one of Cuypp's; there is the same appearance of life, the same placidity and mildness as in the animals of the Dutch artist. The effect of the shadows of clouds fleeting over the low land in the back-ground is very true to nature, and gives a motion and vitality to the elements in the picture, such as landscapes are too apt to be deficient in. 'Robinson Crusoe instructing his man Friday' (371), by A. Fraser, is very elaborately studied, and painted with considerable skill and power. The still life is unexceptionable; the bird (macaw, *vice* a parrot), is a fine piece of colour. Friday is well drawn; but looks too much like a set model; this, in fact, is the general fault of the picture; too obvious an appearance of studied effect, and laboured design. Crusoe's face is a blank in the picture. Defoe has left us no portrait of his friend Robinson; but the patient, brave, enterprising, energetic lord of the solitary island must have had some outward sign of the enthusiasm and hopeful courage within him, and marks of mental and bodily suffering besides,

Lance has some fruit, and much of it as wonderful in crisp and glowing beauty as ever; but the background to one of the pictures is a grievous drawback upon the beauty of the rest. Mr Lance paints fruit so well, that we should be content to relinquish figures, which he cannot paint at all. The attempt at imitating a reflected ray of light in the silver cup, we cannot but think a failure; though in a more front light it might show better. Mr McClise's picture of 'Salvator Rosa and his Patron' (138) is richly coloured, and carefully studied; the old patron is excellent; but we cannot fancy Salvator to have been quite so sleek a dandy: affected we can imagine him to have been in his dress, but after a more romantic and picturesque fashion, with more gravity, and a frown as well as a smile in his face. 'Trouville Fishing-smack entering the Port of Havre de Grace,' (490) Edward Cooke, is a capital bit of nautical life; very pleasantly coloured, as real as a Dutch picture, and as crisp and fresh as the sea breeze; the sea water is curling, heaving and hissing, in every part; clear and ever restless. Hilton's 'Editha and the Monks searching for the body of Harold' (473) we do not reckon among his best performances. The drawing is learned, and the grouping good; the heads of the monks are solid and finely painted; but Editha is strangely coloured, and appears rather repelled by the physical horror, than drawn to her friend's relics by affection, which is stronger than all things. The drawing is very skilful and bold; we particularly admire the foreshortening of Harold's figure, and the fall of the flesh below the breast-bone and margin of the ribs.

## Gallery of Portraits. Part XXXV.

LOCKE'S anxious face is the first that meets us. It is very excellently engraved, by Possilwhite. Selden is next, grave and judicious; but with less power about the eyes than we should expect. The very benign and pleasant face of Ambroise Paré, the father of French surgery, concludes the series. The expression is one proper to a medical man,—staid, therefore imparting confidence, good-humoured and cheerful, therefore diffusing hope and comfort in the sick room.

## TABLE TALK.

—We are sorry to see by the newspapers, that Mr Rogers has been robbed of plate by his footman, to the amount of two thousand pounds. But what a beautiful calamity for a poet! to be able to lose two thousand pounds!

## TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Truth, it is said, ought not to be spoken at all times. But there is a dangerous ambiguity in the aphorism, and hence it is often employed to a pernicious purpose. It has two senses, one a bad, the other a good one. "Falsehood ought sometimes to be spoken,"—this is the bad and perilous sense. Cases there are in which truth ought not to be spoken. What, then, ought to be spoken? Falsehood? No! nothing at all. That is the good sense. And this is the sense in which only it should be employed as an aphorism by the moralist.—*Bentham's Deontology.*

## MR BOWLES AND HIS NEW WORK.

We are glad to see that the Rev. William Lisle Bowles is about to favour the lovers of antiquity with 'Annals of Lacock Abbey in the county of Wilts, including Memorials of its foundress, Ela, Countess of Salisbury, and the Earls of the Houses of Salisbury and Longespé.' Antiquarianism is welcome to us from almost any hand; but when a poet touches the old walls, he dresses them with double grace, as time does with moss. If we are not mistaken, it was a clergyman who wrote the novel of 'Longsword, Earl of Salisbury;' but we forget who;—a man we believe, of some note. We suppose Mr Bowles will tell us about him in his book. We happen, by an unfortunate and singular chance, to be less acquainted with Mr Bowles's writings than those of almost any other living poet; and fear we may have done him, as well as others, an injustice of omission on some occasions. But he, who has been praised by Coleridge, may dispense with minor commendation.

## "CONVERSATION SHARP."

The gentleman known among his friends by this honourable title, owing to his colloquial powers, and whose name has become familiar with our Readers in consequence of our extracts from his terse and instructive Essays, lately published, has just died at an inn in the country, apparently while on a journey, but not without friends about him whom he valued. A happy death, and at a good age; for Mr Sharp must have been old.

## SALUTARY EARLY OCCUPATION.

My father had early accustomed me to act as his factotum. He particularly employed me in quickening the diligence of the artists or workmen he employed. He paid well, and required everything to be finished and delivered on the day fixed. This superintendence gave me an opportunity of getting some knowledge of most arts and trades; it likewise afforded me the means of gratifying my innate propensity to identify myself with the feelings and notions of others; and to interest myself in everything that constitutes a mode of existence. I derived many agreeable hours from this kind of study, learning to judge of every condition of life, and to estimate the pleasures and pains, the difficulties and enjoyments, which each of them presented.—*Goethe's Life.*

## PICTURES IN SCHOOLS.

We should early accustom the child to beauty. The Scuola di San Rocco, at Venice, possesses one of the best of Tintoretto's pictures. I would, though it is a vain wish, that the walls of the dining-hall could be adorned with the finest pictures of the greatest masters, consecrated to great men; and those of the school-room with others, or subjects connected with science and the arts, as the 'School of Athens' by Raphael, &c. Fine paintings are but a portion of the furniture of a rich man's house;—here they would form a part of the child's education, and no small one. With models of a high beauty before them, our children would soon outgrow that love for glaring ornament and tinsel magnificence natural to their age, and which we carry with us to our graves. They would acquire pure and simple tastes, and the oftener you presented to their view, and drew their attention to, all that is grand in nature and in art, the more deeply would you impress their souls with the sense of beauty, which, growing with their other powers, would at length become a living and creative principle within them, and would find itself in, and diffuse itself over, their whole being.—*Outline of a System of National Education.* [The wish, perhaps, is "vain," for the "finest pictures of the greatest masters;" but a good copy, even of a single one, would be a god-send; only it would require an instructor with taste enough himself to explain and impress it. And herein lies the chief difficulty; for even engravings might furnish the rest. Schoolmasters thus capable, are no doubt to be found; and others, who might acquire the capability; but a crop of good schoolmasters is the first great desideratum (as Mr Simpson has shewn) towards producing the harvest of good generations. These however will be found, as the taste for rural beauty is diffused, and creates a demand.]

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE extracts from the notice of Mr Lamb are unavoidably postponed to next week.

If the writer of 'Hints for Table Talk' will have the goodness to send to the Publisher's, he will find a letter for him.

We are obliged to J. S., and will pay due attention to his request.

The question respecting Milton's 'Latin and Italian Poems,' which is asked by C. D. shall be noticed more fully by and by. Meantime he is informed, that translations of them, by Cowper, are to be found in the edition published by Hayley, and styled by him 'Cowper's Milton.'

D. G. has obliged us. Also, A. Z.—'Charles the Eleventh's Vision,' in our next.

ADOLESCENS will be considered, and L. W. W. —

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